

C.S.
M.P.W.
P.P.P.
V.S.P.
P.P.P.
L.D.

C.S.

with gratitude for my family

c.2

LD
5655
V855
1995
W434
c.2

with gratitude for my family

limin

by
michael edward weber

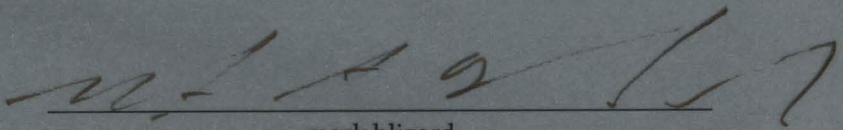
this thesis is submitted to the graduate faculty of
virginia polytechnic institute and state university,
college of architecture and urban studies,
in partial fulfillment
for the degree of

master of architecture

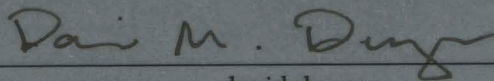
approved by:



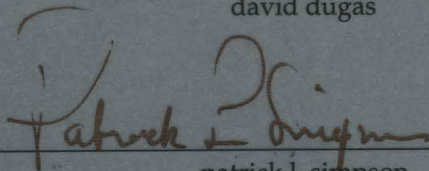
steven thompson, chairman



mark blizard



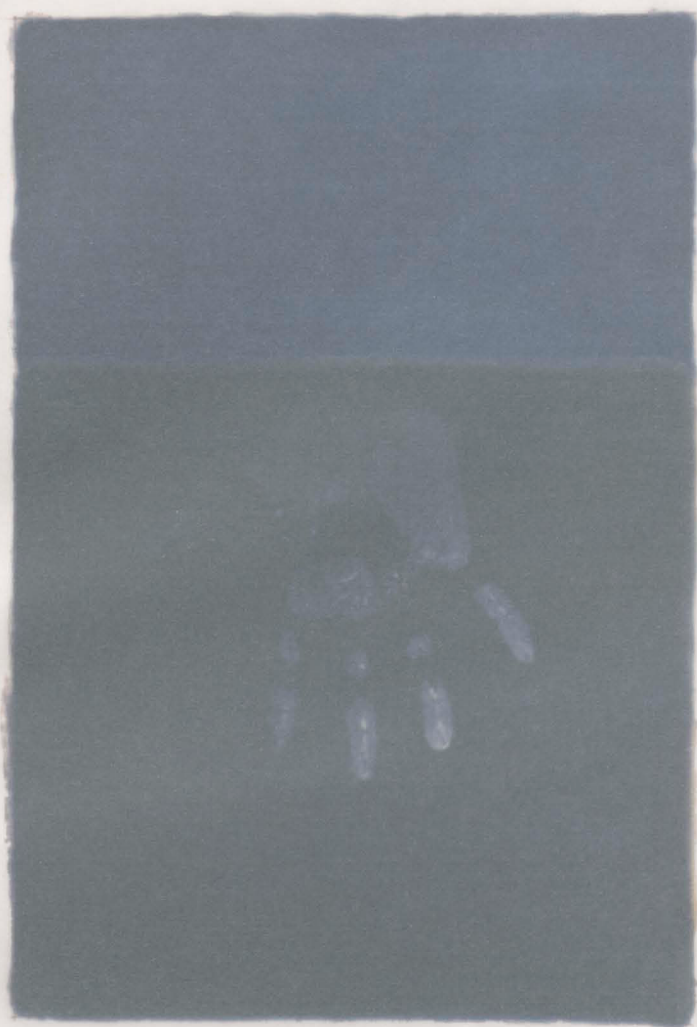
david dugas



patrick l. simpson

august 1995 • blacksburg, virginia



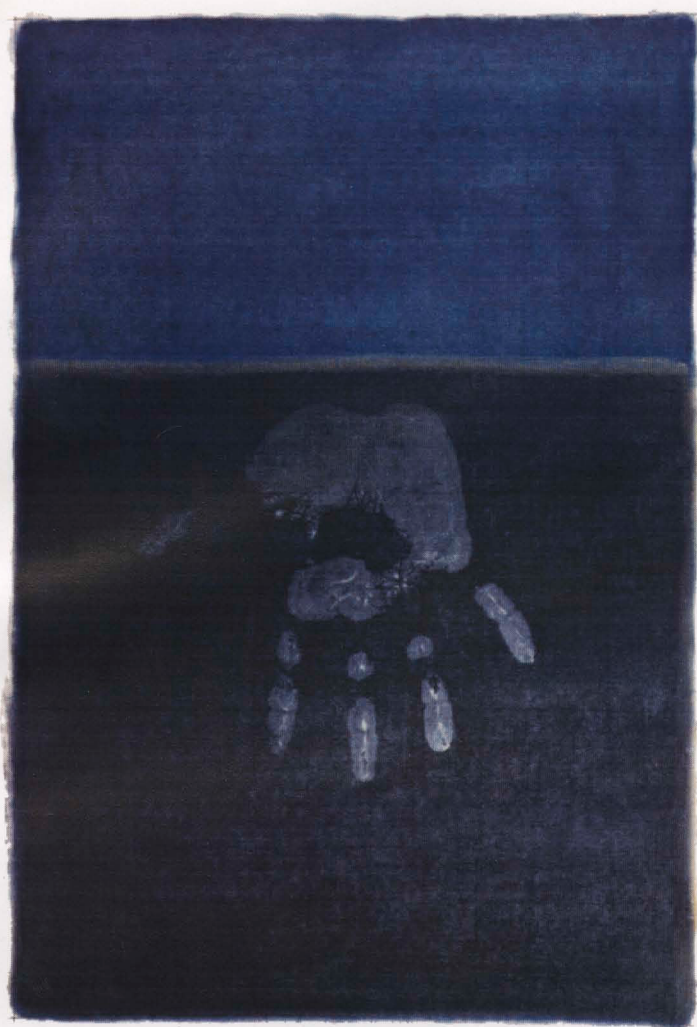


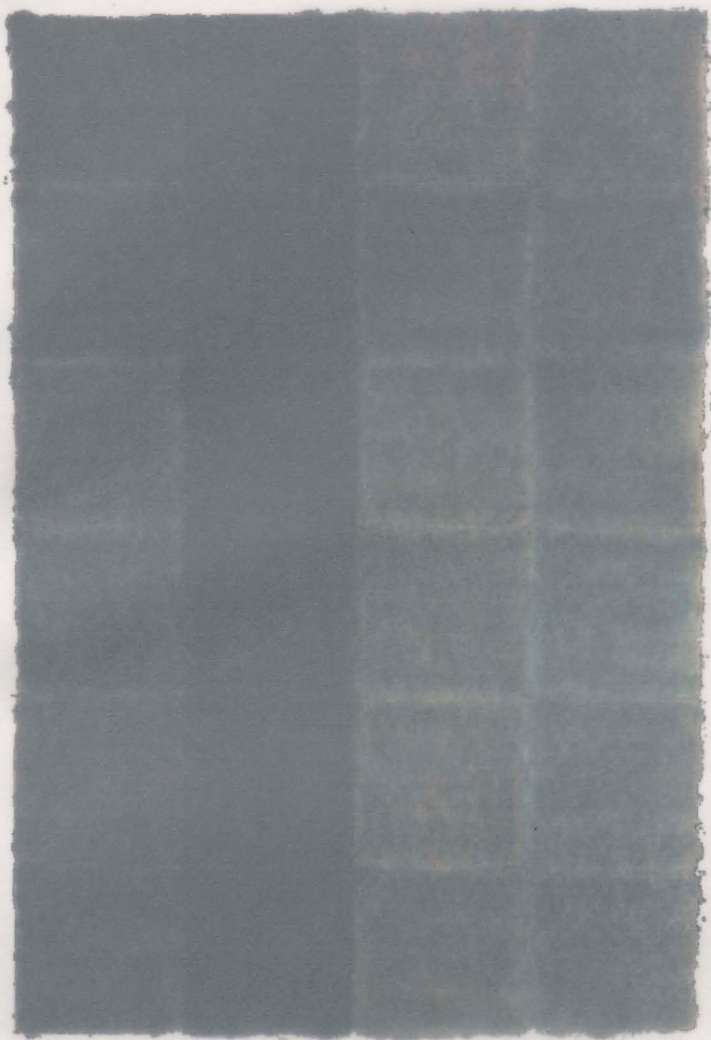
hand

turn your hand.
let it fall.
return dust to dust.

it is the swirling breeze
you must catch

with the *back* of your hand.



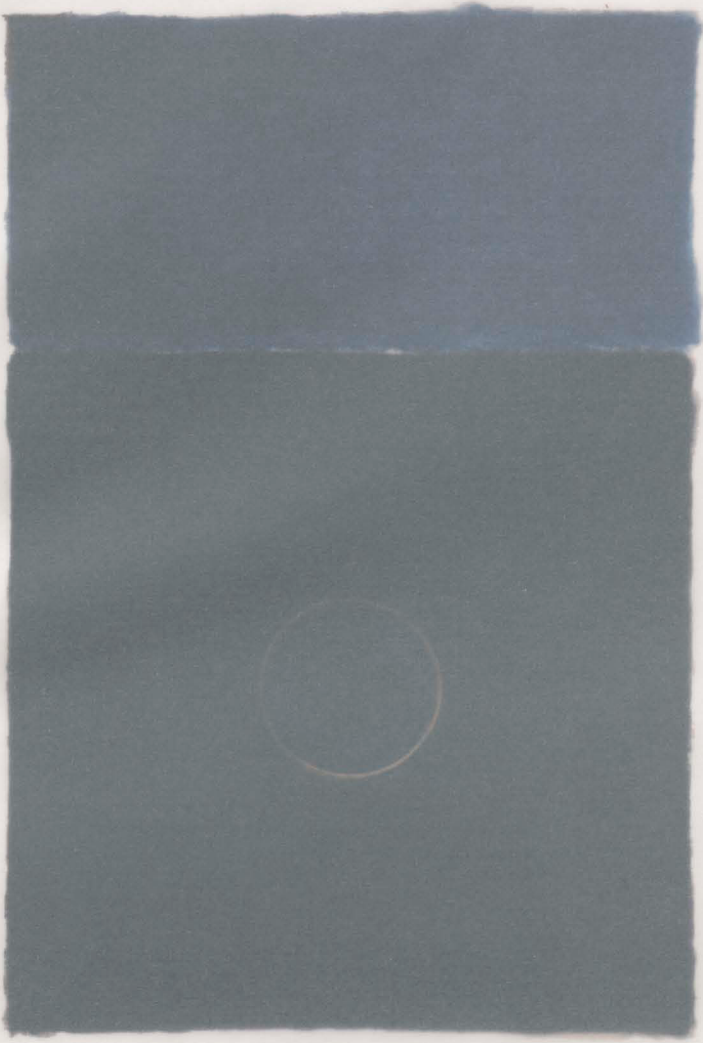


meASURE

it seems (to me)
that the second fearful act
is that of meASURE.

the first i'll leave.
it's irreconcilable.



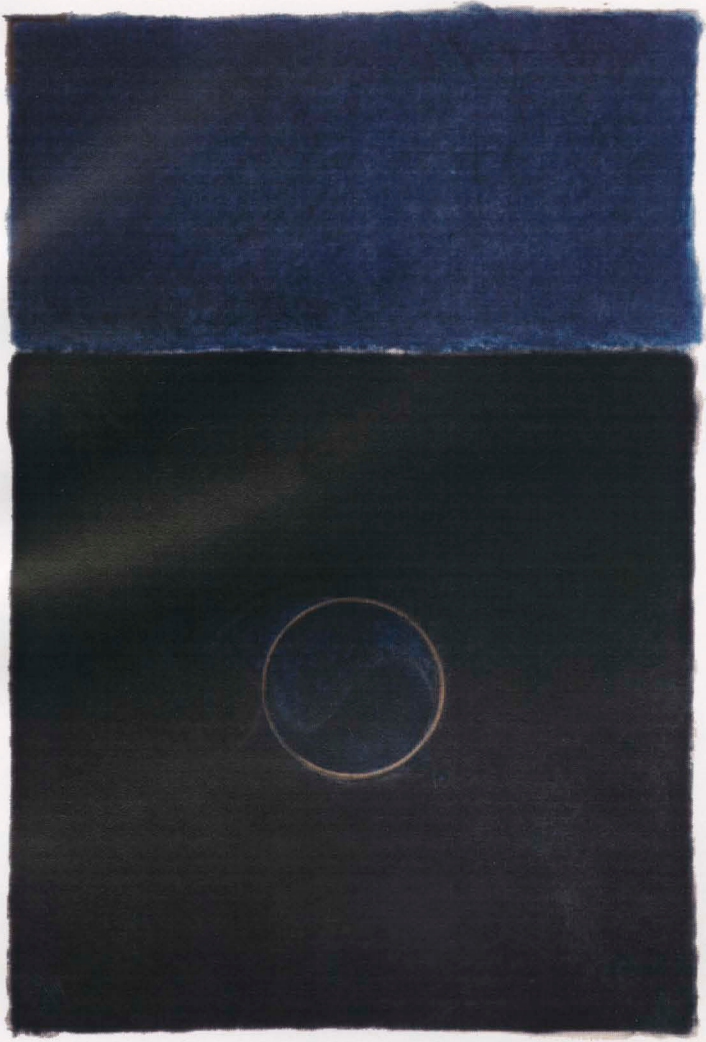


object

(I) object to subject.
 a bird tossed
 in the gale.

There is the corpse,
lying in the dust

of flight.



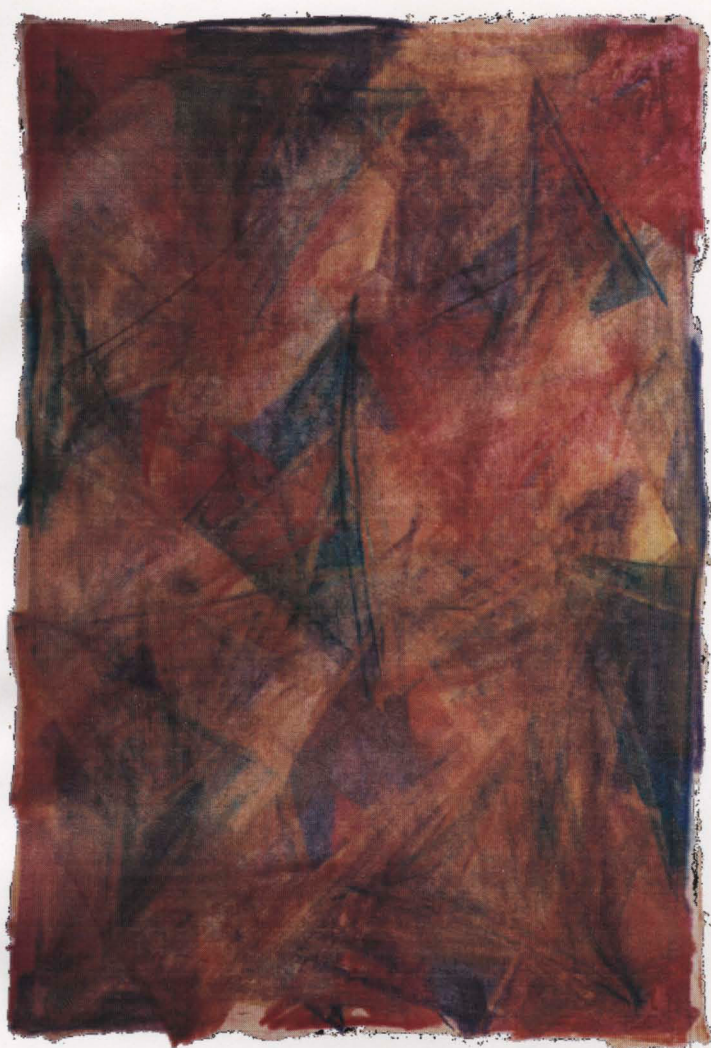


particle

what I see
is a speck of dust
caught in a ray of sunlight.

what i Hear
cannot be told.

only in the listening will we Know.





performance

stand and perform for us -
you who demand
to be an other.

your empty shape-changing dance
reveals sharp cutting edges.

bound!





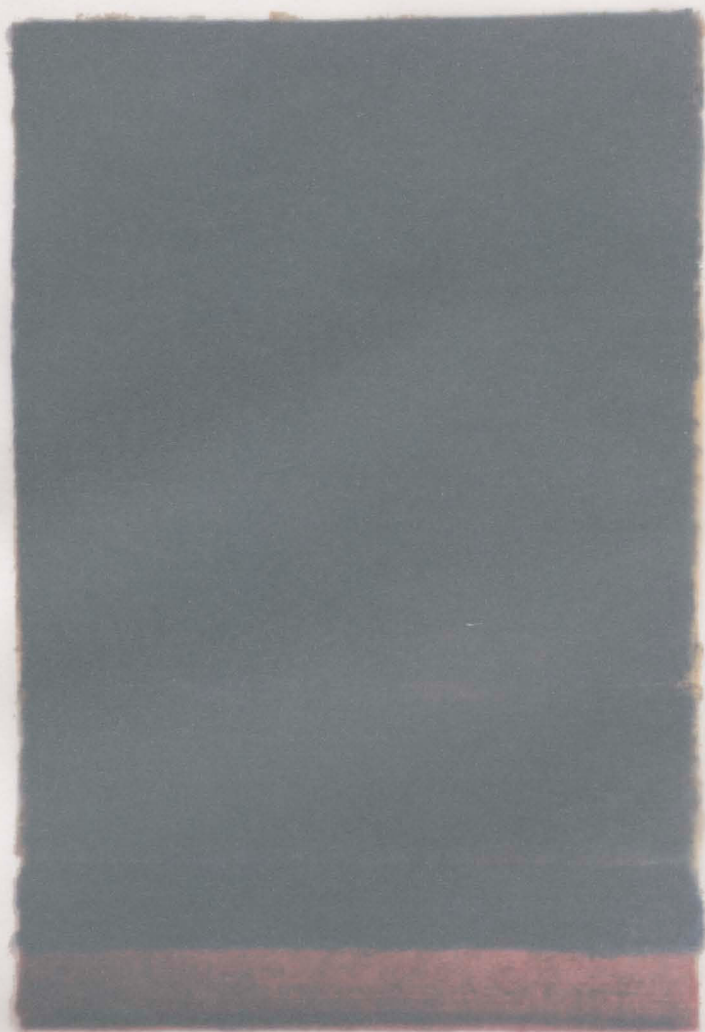
answer

if i could take every answer i've offered
in faith, or trepidation,
and qualify them,

the only quality they would deserve
would be one of quantity

and no value.



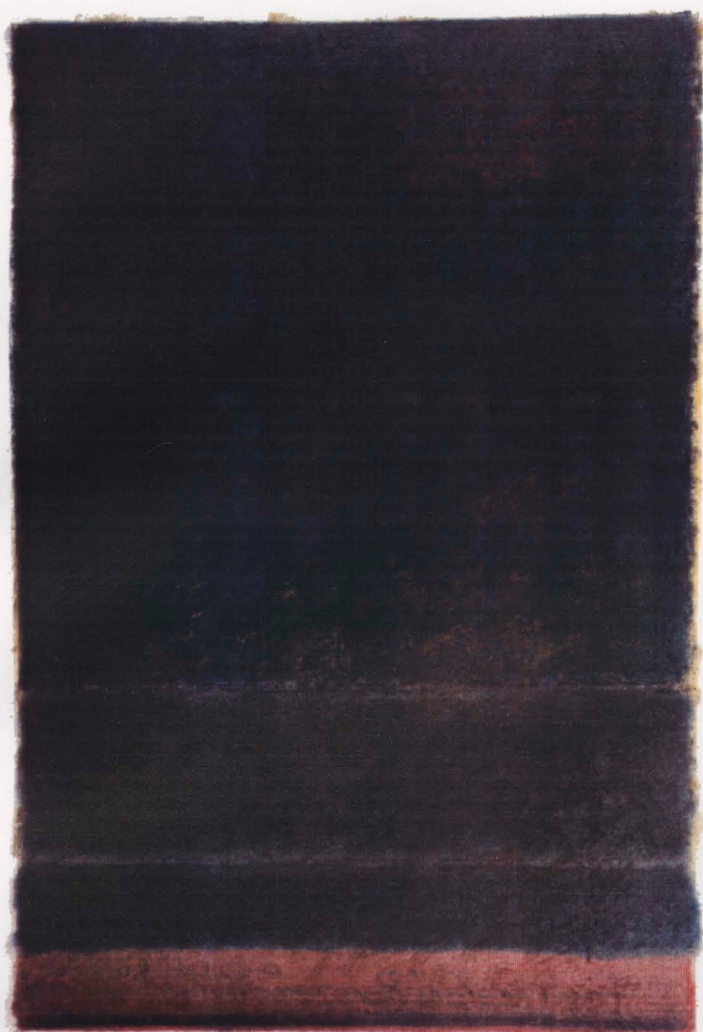


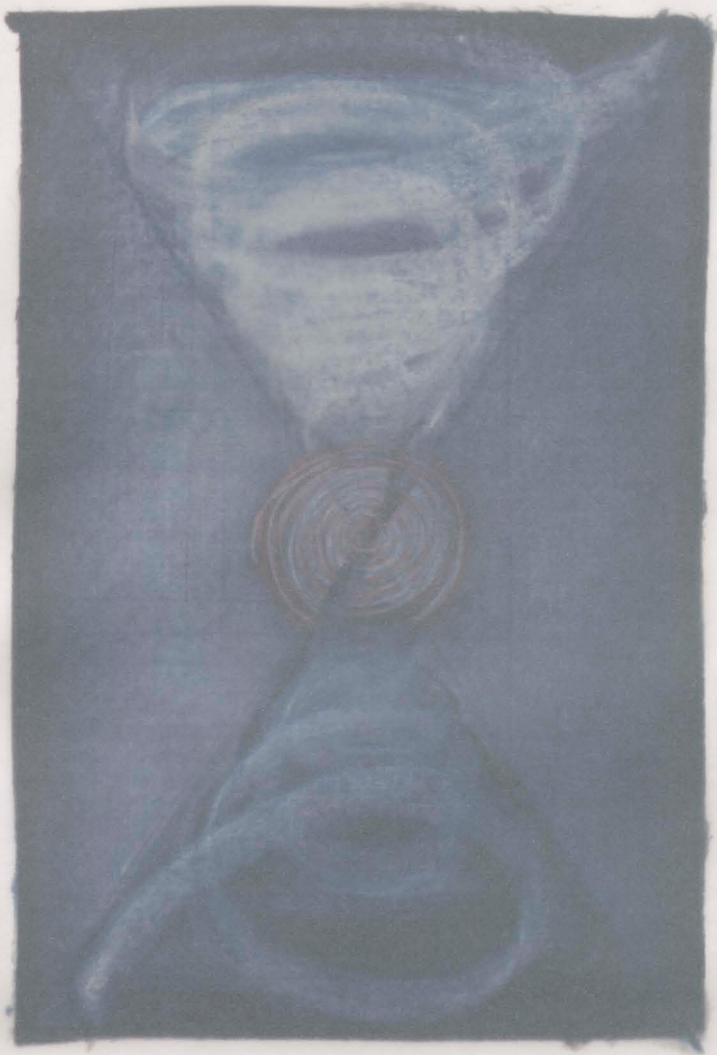
square

corners catch,
but a box cannot hold
a breath.

place is fixed,
and order-bound.

pull out the nails before it's too late!

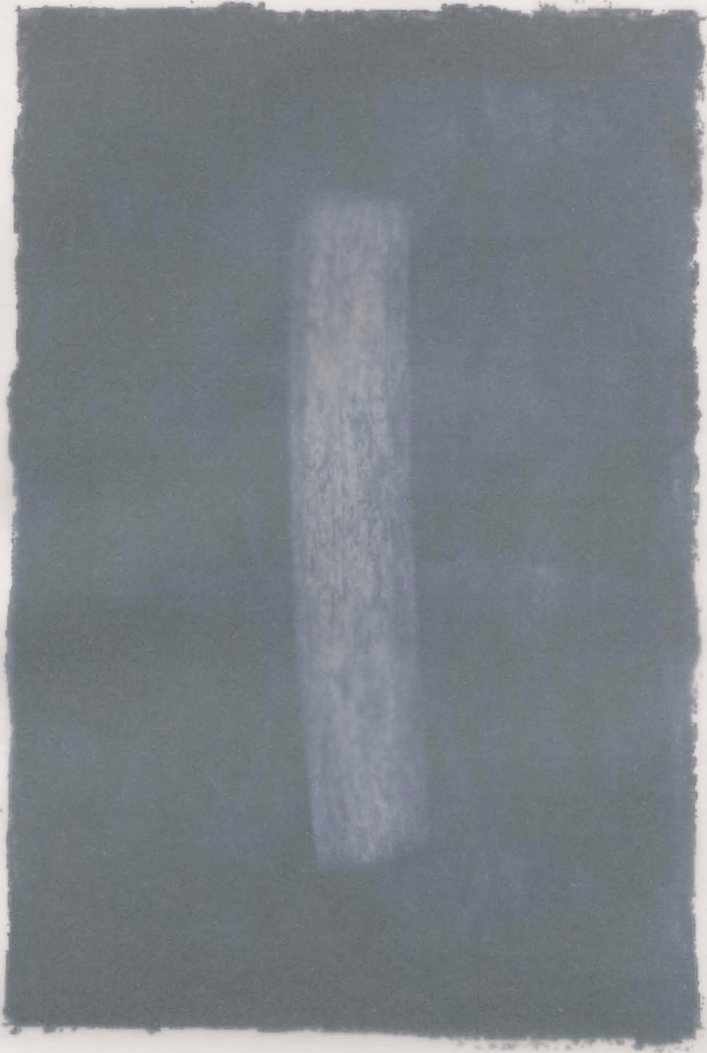




watch the sand, swirling
in a dust devil.
this is what you are not.

stand in this storm
which blasts flesh from bone
and Know what bears the grit.





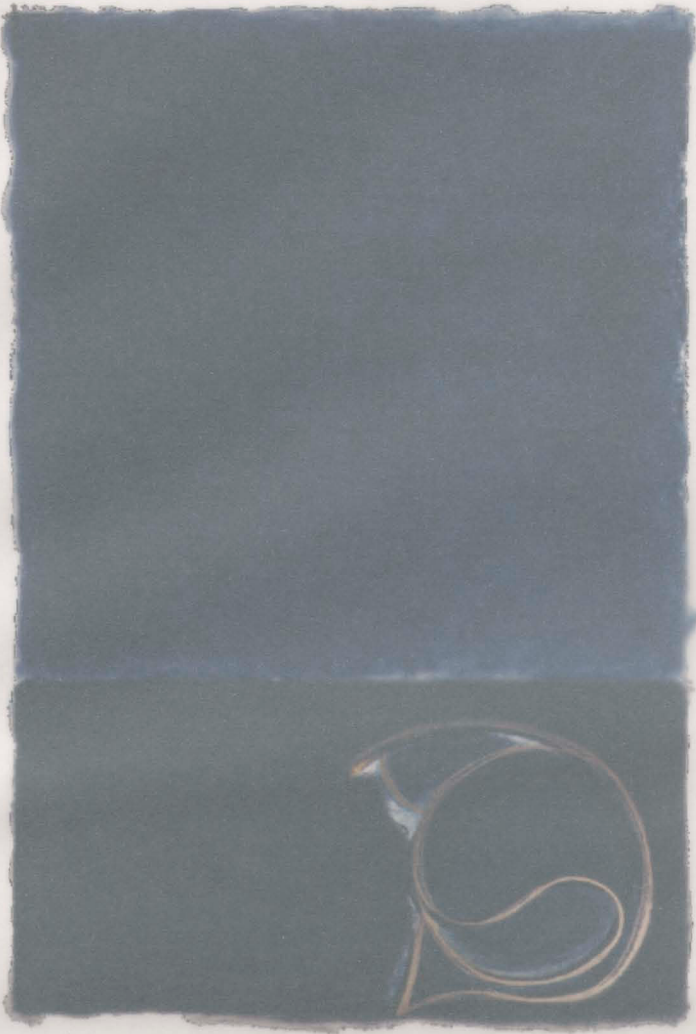
immeasure

if god where a limit -
the center-line
of a sound wave; graphed

a wave-length of no amplitude,
and infinite length;

we are this.



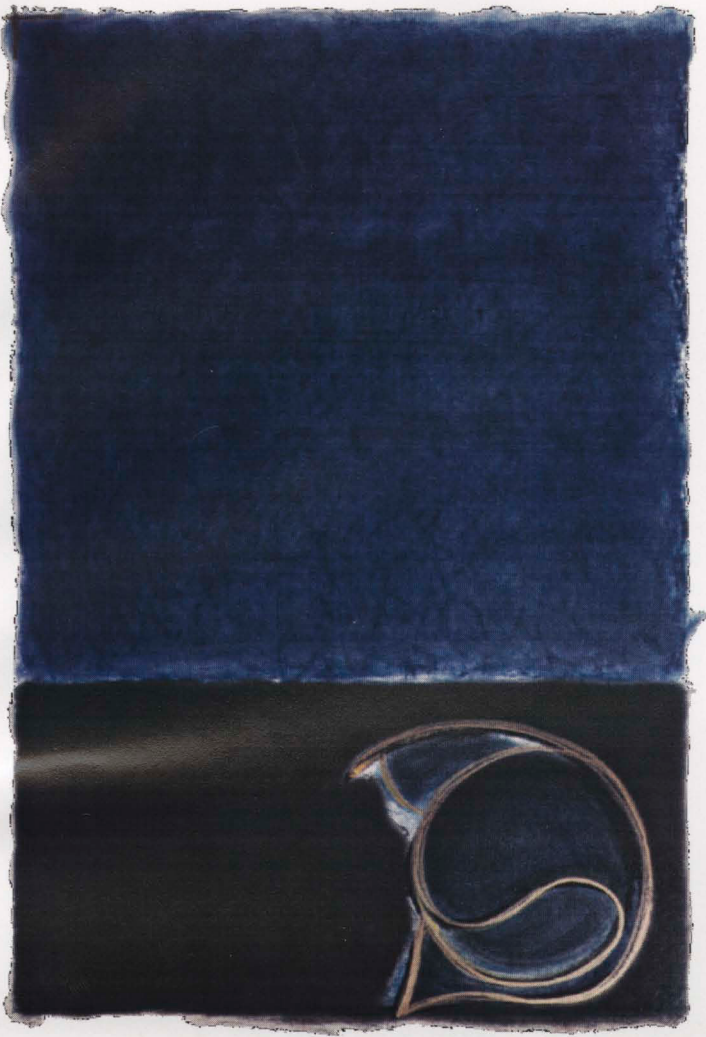


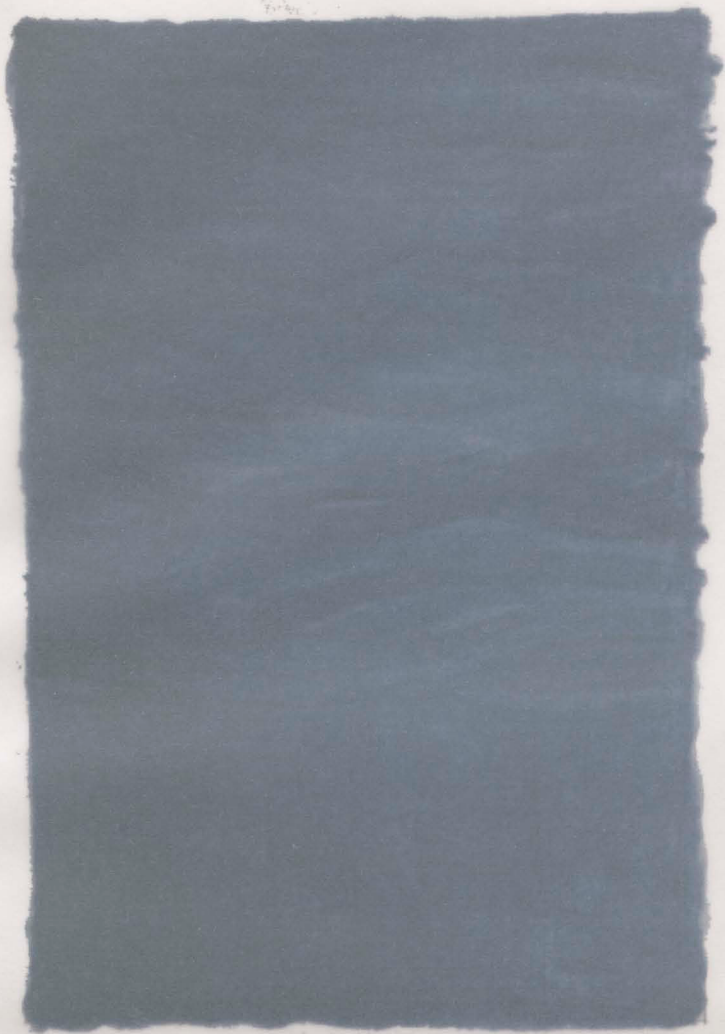
subject

subject to object...
don't let that be.
let things pass.

be the breath behind the wind,
not the breeze.

birdsong, not bird.





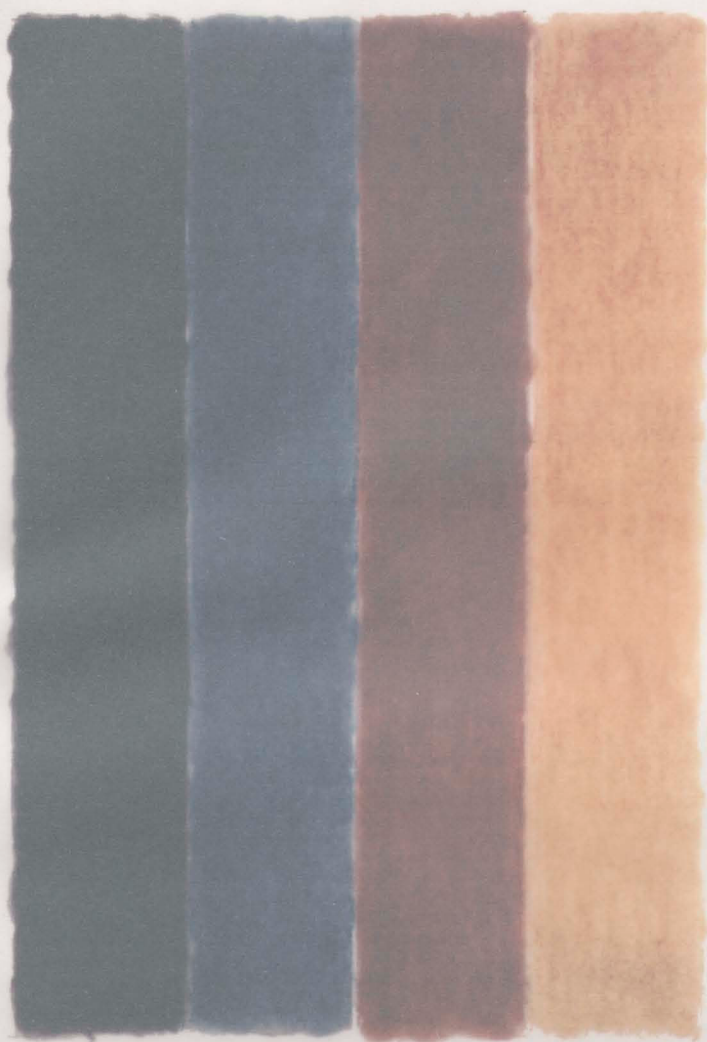
wave

listen for the question.
who was heraclitus?
there! or there?

which river are you standing in?
no! not THAT one.

this.





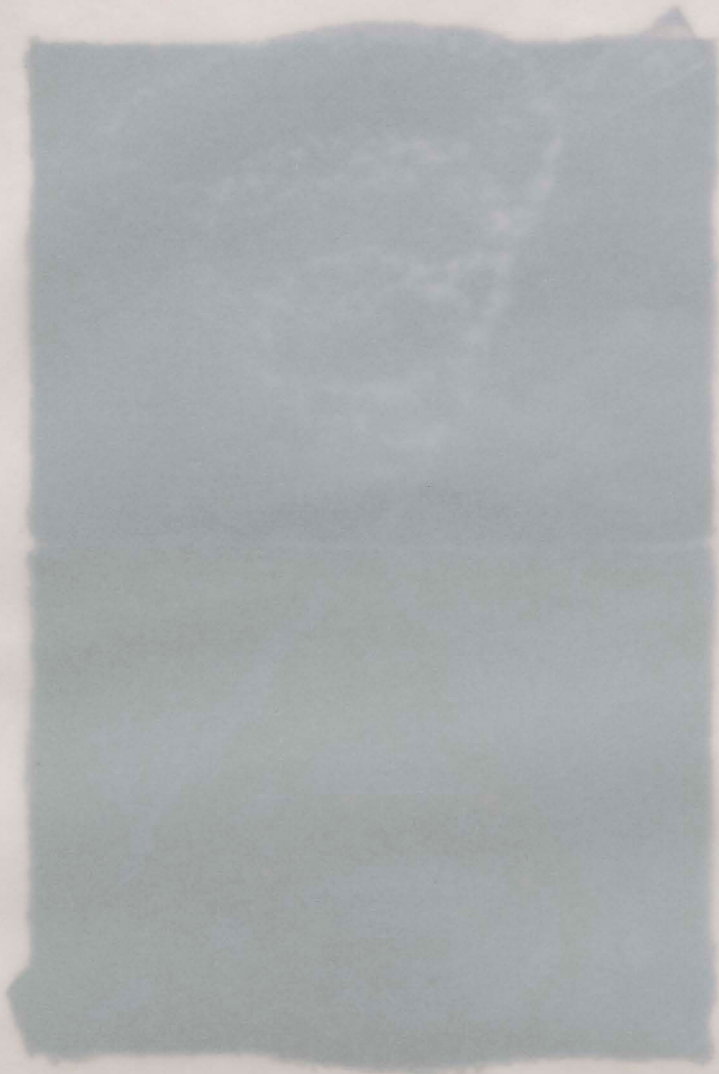
harmonia

this song
cannot be called by the voice.
to approach is to retreat.

be still.
listen to the sound behind sound.

we are that.



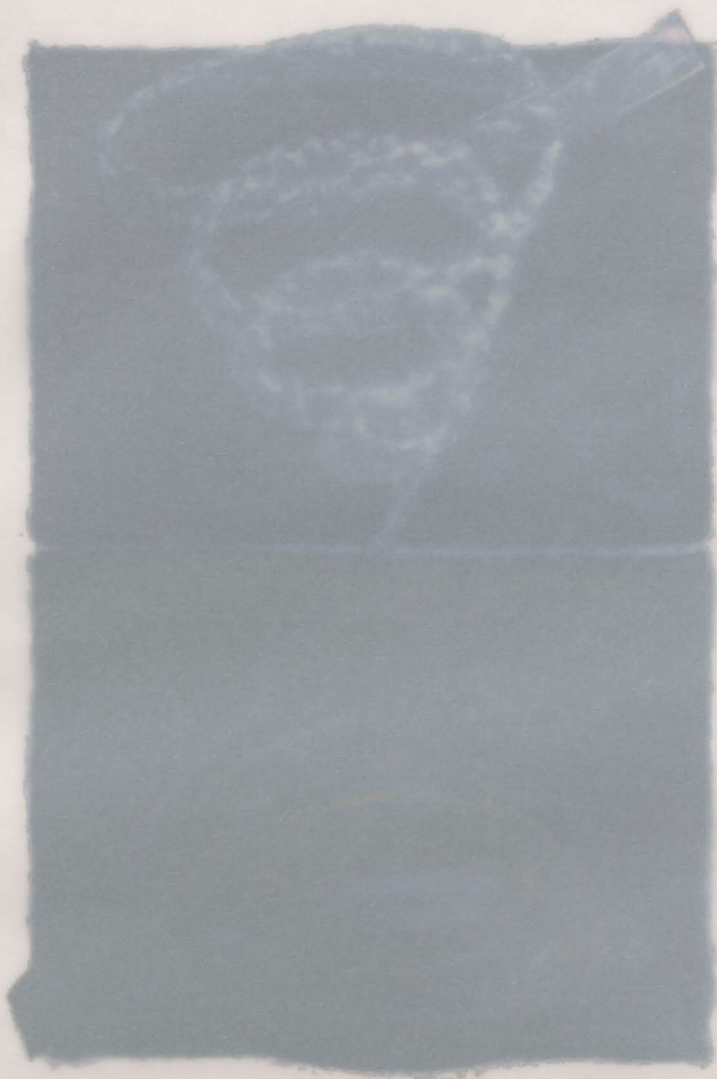


circle question

but answer is measure
this is it not? you've chosen
is so question is desire.

then Run towards fear,
but comfort is slow death.

This live in the unfulfilled. imagine!

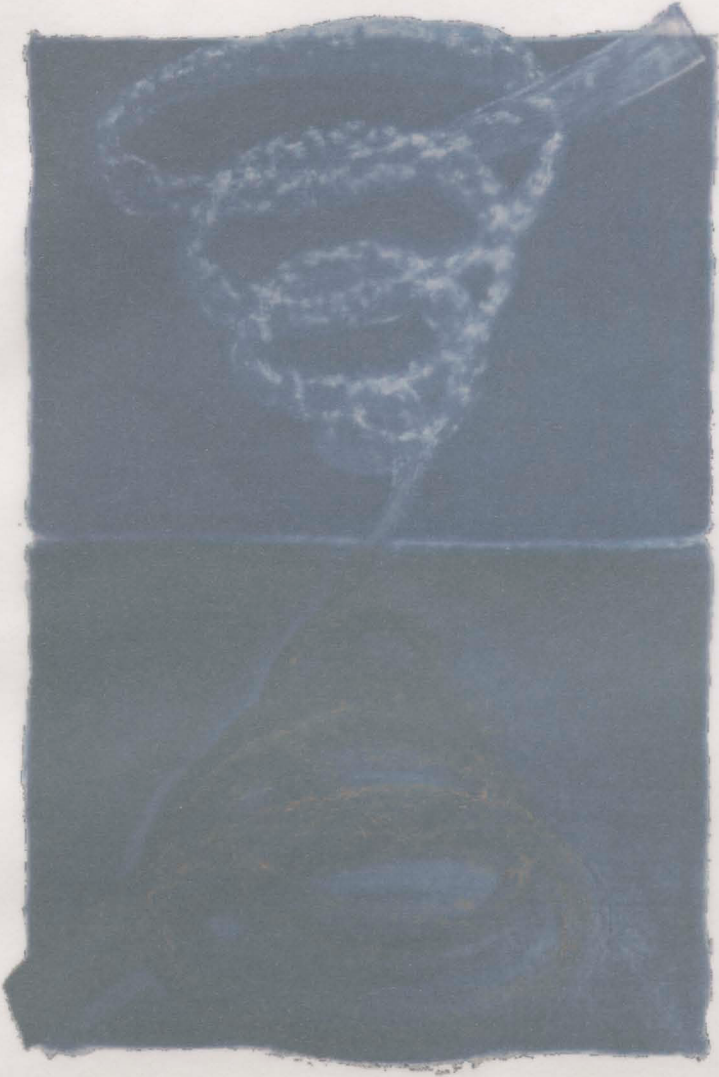


circle

bound and rung,
this bottle you've chosen
is sealed.

there is no way out
but ONE.

This you cannot even imagine!

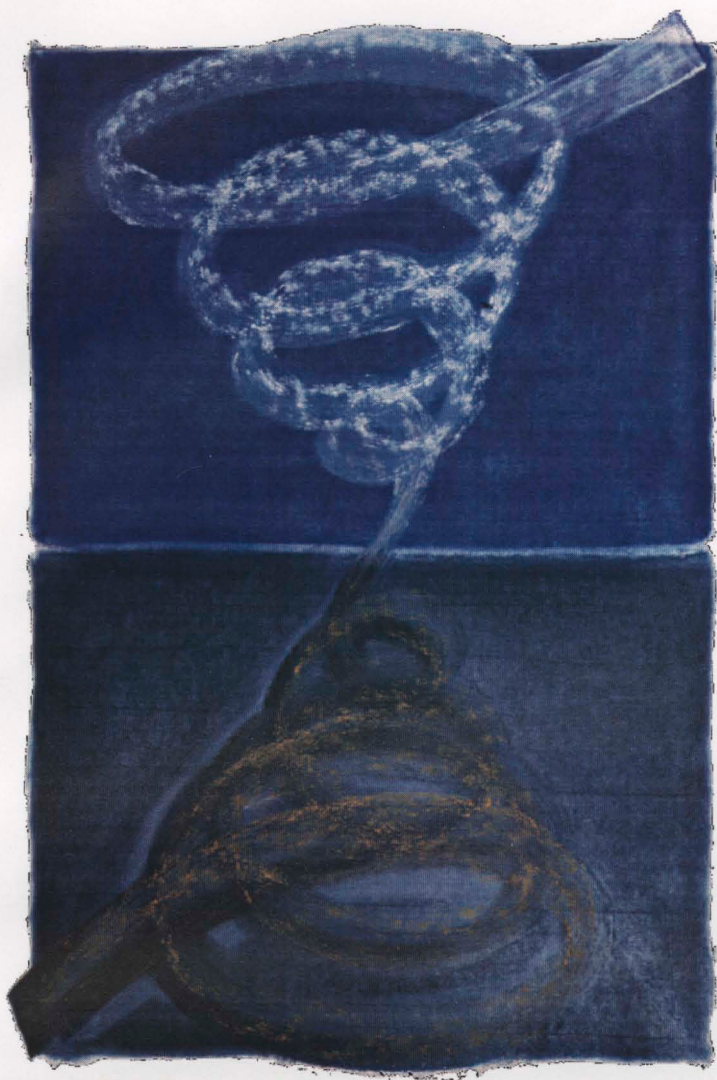


circle

bound and rung,
this bottle you've chosen
is sealed.

there is no way out
but ONE.

This you cannot even imagine!



Miss E. W.

